Edgefield Advertiser.

THOS. J. ADAMS PROPRIETOR. EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1899. VOL. LXIV. NO. 7.

A WEATHER SONG OF HOPE.

The rain is in the valley, the mist is on the hill,
But the soul is in the sunshine, and the heart is happy still;
For love is ever springtime, and knows not wintry chill,
And the world will be brighter in the morning!

The river has no music as it ripples to the sea,
But the soul is in the sunshine, and as happy as can be;
For love is ever springtime, with the blossoms blowing free,
And the world will be brighter in the morning!

What though the skies are solemn, and singing-birds have flown?
Love knows a sweeter music than the birds have ever known;
For love is ever springtime, and the roses are his own,
And the world will be brighter in the morning!

Oh, love it is that leads us from the sorrow of the night
To the beauty of the morning—to the splendor of the light;
And every garden blossoms, and every sky is bright,
And the world will be brighter in the morning!

A FIREPROOF MAN.

BY ADDISON P. MUNROE.

My horse had cast a shoe, and I stopped for repairs at a blacksmith's shop in Lime Rock, a quaint little hamlet in the northern part of one of our New England states. The village, a couple of miles distant from the nearest railroad, consists of the post-office, smithy and a baker's dozen of rural dwellings; a pretty and peaceful place with rustic views that a man accustomed to the bustle of city life can fully appreciate.

While waiting for my horse to be shod, I learned that a few rods further on, over the crest of the hill, were the famous lime kilns. I had heard of the kilns at Lime Rock since my boyhood, but I had never chanced to come that way before, so, telling the loquacious blacksmith that I would return for my horse soon, I strolled over the hill to investigate.

I was met by the kiln-tender, a strong, robust man about 50 years of age, who welcomed me cordially and volunteered to show me the modus operandi of the affair, which he did thoroughly. I can remember that when he flung the big iron door of his furnace open with the words, "This fire burns night and day and never goes out," although I was ten feet away from the door, I was glad to screen my face with my hands from the terrible heat; and yet, as if the fire were not hot enough, he commenced to throw on great sticks of cord wood, which blazed up instantly.

Having finished the inspection of the place, I was about to thank him and withdraw, when I chanced to make the remark that in this quiet little village of Lime Rock one could forget all the cares of life, all its excitements and tragedies.

"Young man," he said, "for 15 years I have burnt lime in this place, and although my previous years were spent in far more exciting places, yet the nearest approach to a terrible tragedy happened to me in this same [illegible] hastened to assure him that I should feel honored if he would favor me with the particulars of his adventure. Offering me a stool and filling and lighting his pipe, he told me the following tale:

"It will be ten years ago the 15th of next December that the exciting incident in which I figured occurred. As I have already explained to you, we have a gang of men here through the day, but only one man through the night, his duties being to tend the fire and draw the lime, which latter is done three times in each 24 hours. I was then the night man and was on duty on the 15th of December of which I speak.

"It was a cold, clear moonlight night about 10 o'clock. I was alone, the last lounger having gone home, and I had just replenished the great fire, when the latch was lifted, and a stranger walked in. He was a tall, muscular, well-built man, I should say about 40 years of age, clad in a large overcoat and wearing a silk hat; he had a fine, intellectual face, with flowing side whiskers and sharp black eyes; eyes that seemed to have the faculty of looking beneath the surface; in fact, they attracted my attention almost before I observed his other features.

"Now I like company in the long winter nights, and as I pushed forward a stool I bade him a cordial 'good-evening.'

"'Good evening,' he returned pleasantly, and throwing off his overcoat he seated himself opposite to me.

"'I do not often have callers at night,' I said, 'but they are always welcome.'

"'Well,' he replied, 'the fact is I am walking down to the station to take the midnight train into P——. As I had plenty of time and saw the reflection of your fire I thought I would drop in, get warm and have a chat with you before finishing my walk.'

"Well, he was a good talker, and time passed pleasantly, and after we had conversed some 20 minutes I had learned that he was a professor of chemistry in B—— university in P—— and that he was an enthusiast in his profession.

"Suddenly he asked me if I would let him see my fire. I stepped around and threw open the big furnace door; the heat was intense, but although he stood within three feet of the open door, unlike most visitors, he neither moved away nor seemed to pay any attention to it, but drew nearer, if anything, with his sharp, black eyes fixed intently on the flames.

"Shutting the door I said:

"'You are different from most people, professor; everyone cannot stand the heat as you did.'

"'I should be able to stand it,' he replied, 'it has been the study of my life.'

"He paced back and forth excitedly, his fingers working convulsively, and his eyes still fixed on the furnace door. The sight of that fire had had a strange effect on him.

"The study of your life? What do you mean?"

"'I will tell you,' he replied, calming himself with an effort and resuming his seat. 'As I have said, I have made chemistry my life study, but I have studied it with a fixed purpose, and that purpose is to invent a compound that will render the body of any living animal impervious to fire. Think of the renown that awaits the man that can render the human body fireproof! Think of the sufferings and deaths caused by fire that he could vanquish! I have labored hard for 20 long years, and at last, at last,' he almost shouted, 'I believe I have perfected it!'

"With trembling hands he drew from his pocket a bottle filled with a thick, black fluid and a small syringe with a needle point, such as physicians use for hypodermic injections.

"'Man,' he exclaimed, 'a thimbleful of this elixir, injected into a man's veins, five minutes after injection will render him so impervious to fire that he could crawl into your furnace and go to sleep there without a particle of injury; could inhale the flames without injury to throat or lungs! Why,' he shouted, stepping in front of me, 'it is the invention of the century! Do you wonder that the heat from your fire had no effect upon me? I am fireproof! I have taken the injection, and all the fires of Hades could make no impression on my flesh!'

"I began to be alarmed at this enthusiast, he was getting so nervous and excited, but I inquired:

"'How do you know it will work to the extent you claim, professor?'

"'I made my last experiment last night,' he replied, 'and it was a glorious success. I took a large dog, administered a powerful opiate, so that he would not resist, injected the proper amount of the elixir and placed him in my large furnace and shut the door. When I get home tonight I shall let him out.'

"'And you expect to find him alive?' I burst out incredulously.

"'I most certainly do, and he will be none the worse for his experience, except that he will be pretty hungry; two hours after I left him my assistant told me he was sleeping peacefully. Now only one more trial is necessary to convince the world that it can be done—nay, that it is done—and that is to experiment on a human being! After this last experiment I shall introduce legislation making inoculation compulsory, so that death by fire will forever be a thing of the past, and [illegible] man race. And now, having taken the injection, and with that magnificent, glorious fire of yours at hand, I propose to test it on myself, with your permission.'

"I started to my feet. My eyes were opened at last; I was talking to a lunatic, a determined madman. I looked at him with horror and made up my mind that he should not thus commit suicide; I would knock him down with a stick of cord-wood first.

"Meanwhile he had drawn a small bottle from his pocket, removed the cork and saturated a handkerchief with its contents; I smelt the fumes of ether. In a second, before I could think further, he sprang upon me. Instantly it flashed upon me that he intended to experiment upon me, not himself. With the cunning of a madman he had thrown me off my guard and intended to etherize me and then to inject some of his compound into my body.

"Now, as you see, I am a pretty rugged man, and I was still more so ten years ago. Without a weapon of any kind, it was to be a struggle in which strength and strength alone would count, and to my dying day I shall never forget the desperation of that combat. I fully realized that if he succeeded in placing that handkerchief against my nostrils all would be ended; so, shouting loudly for help, I put forth my strength in my fight for life. In less than a minute I realized that I had found my match.

"I had succeeded in grasping his wrists, and I dared not release them for fear of the ether. Back and forth we pushed, round and round we circled; we tripped, fell, broke apart and rose again both at the same instant.

"He rushed at me again with wild, unearthly cries; he bore me backward; I struck against a barrel of lime, and over I went with him on top; something pressed down hard on my mouth and nose; I struck out blindly, then a great blackness came over me, and I knew no more.

"When I came to myself I was lying on a pile of old bags, right where you are sitting now, with a man working over me; near the door was my professor, securely manacled between two other men in uniform. The professor was bewailing his ill fortune and pouring out curses upon his captors for interrupting him.

"'Well, neighbor,' said the man who was attending me, 'that was a pretty close call; wait until your head gets a little clearer and I will explain.'

"In a short while they told me that the 'professor' was an inmate of a lunatic asylum in P——, where they were employed as keepers. He had succeeded in escaping that morning, and they had tracked him with great difficulty, as he was wonderfully cunning. When in the neighborhood of our kiln they had heard his wild shouts as he made his last attack on me and rushing thither had arrived just as I fell, overpowered. After a desperate struggle they had secured him.

"'He is sound enough except on this subject of fire,' said the keeper. 'Only last night he poisoned one of our pet dogs with some chemical mixture, treated the body with his elixir and then put it in the furnace. The only way we could quiet his frenzy was to tell him the dog was sleeping quietly. And now, as we must get him back to the institution, is there anything we can do for you?'

"I requested him to go to a certain farmhouse and call one of my helpers to take my place, as I did not feel able to finish out the night. This he did; and then taking the madman, who had relapsed into a sullen fit, into their carriage, the men bade me good night and drove away, and I never set eyes on the 'professor' again. Yes, you may rest assured I never forget the 15th of December."

Thanking him for his story I bade the lime-burner good-by and left him piling the wood on his great fire, which threw a lurid glow on the interior of his shed.—Waverley Magazine.

AN OBITUARY QUILT.

Queer Donation by the Women of a Maine Parish to Their Pastor's Wife.

"Many queer gifts come to the minister of a New England country church at the annual donation visit of his parishioners, but the oddest and creepiest thing of the kind that I ever knew of I encountered once in northern Maine," said A. E. Stetson, a member of a New York publishing firm. "I was a book canvasser then, selling religious works, and I stayed one night at the house of a Baptist preacher in the town of Monson, since become somewhat prominent through the development of its slate quarries. The preacher was a man of deep erudition, known far and wide for his unworldliness and apostolic piety, and his wife was a notable housekeeper. There was a good supper, and at 9 o'clock in the evening prayers. These over I went to bed in the best room and, after the day's hustling, slept soundly.

"Waking in the bright morning sunlight my attention was attracted by the odd pattern of the quilt which served as counterpane on my bed. It was a patchwork quilt, made in large squares, and on every square was a lettering worked in black worsted. In the square immediately before my eyes I spelled out the words: 'Sacred to the memory of Solomon Tubbs. Died Oct. 8, 1867.' In the next square was inscribed: 'In memory of Martha Phillips. Born June 11, 1833. Died Jan. 14, 1864.' On every square was an obituary notice couched in a style similar to the first one that I read, and they covered a time running from 1851 to 1867. The quilt, which I learned afterward, was presented to the pastor's wife by the women of her husband's congregation, combined the utilities of a counterpane with the record of deaths in the parish for a term of sixteen years. That it was spread in the best chamber showed that it was reserved for guests as a mark of high consideration.

"At first sight the memento mori character of the inscriptions was a trifle appalling to a man just awakened. But being a guest at the same house for some subsequent nights I got used to the obituary quilt and even derived a certain enjoyment from studying out the inscriptions of mornings before I got up from bed. So familiar did they become [illegible] to take up my present business in the metropolis."—New York Herald.

The Serenade.

It is the confession of the young man himself, a Detroiter who went to a country village in the state to learn business in a general store.

"I dote on music. Out there were some good players and we organized a string band. I can't perform on anything more difficult than a jewsharp, but I was promoter, organizer, conductor and all that, so they named the band after me. We never played for money, but went to the houses of friends, where we always had pleasant entertainment, or took later turns at serenading. We were out on the latter errand one night when I took the band to one of the largest and most pretentious homes in the town. It was brilliantly lighted up, and we played our catchiest selections, but there was no response. We went away mad, but finally gave the family the benefit of the doubt, and went back later, but with no better result.

"Next morning I was busy at the store when the village physician, an old school gentleman, came in smiling, lifted his hat and said, 'Good morning, doc,' and intimated that I might send in a bill if I wanted to. I was dumfounded, for a nodding acquaintance was all I had with the doctor and the idea of his being so deferential was incomprehensible to me. There appeared to be a rush of customers that morning, and they all wore a peculiar smile that I could not interpret. At last I got hold of the little daily published there. It told of the serenade at the big house, concluding with the thanks of the doctor and the family, and the assurance that mother and son were both doing well. The band never met again and they named the boy Dewey."—Detroit Free Press.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Cloth is now being successfully made from wood.

The Scotch thistle is growing in Greece, although there it is called the artichoke.

In the eighteenth century Polish ladies obliged their daughters to wear little bells in order to proclaim where they were all the time.

In Siberia, if a man is dissatisfied with the most trifling acts of his wife, he tears a cap or veil from her face, and that constitutes a divorce.

An eminent man of science has recently declared that red-haired people are far less apt to grow bald than those who are possessed of other colored hair.

There are parts of Spain where the hat is unknown except in pictures. The men, when they need a covering, tie up their heads, and the women use flowers.

In Abyssinia the murderer is delivered into the hands of the relatives of his victim, who kill him in the same manner in which he committed the murder.

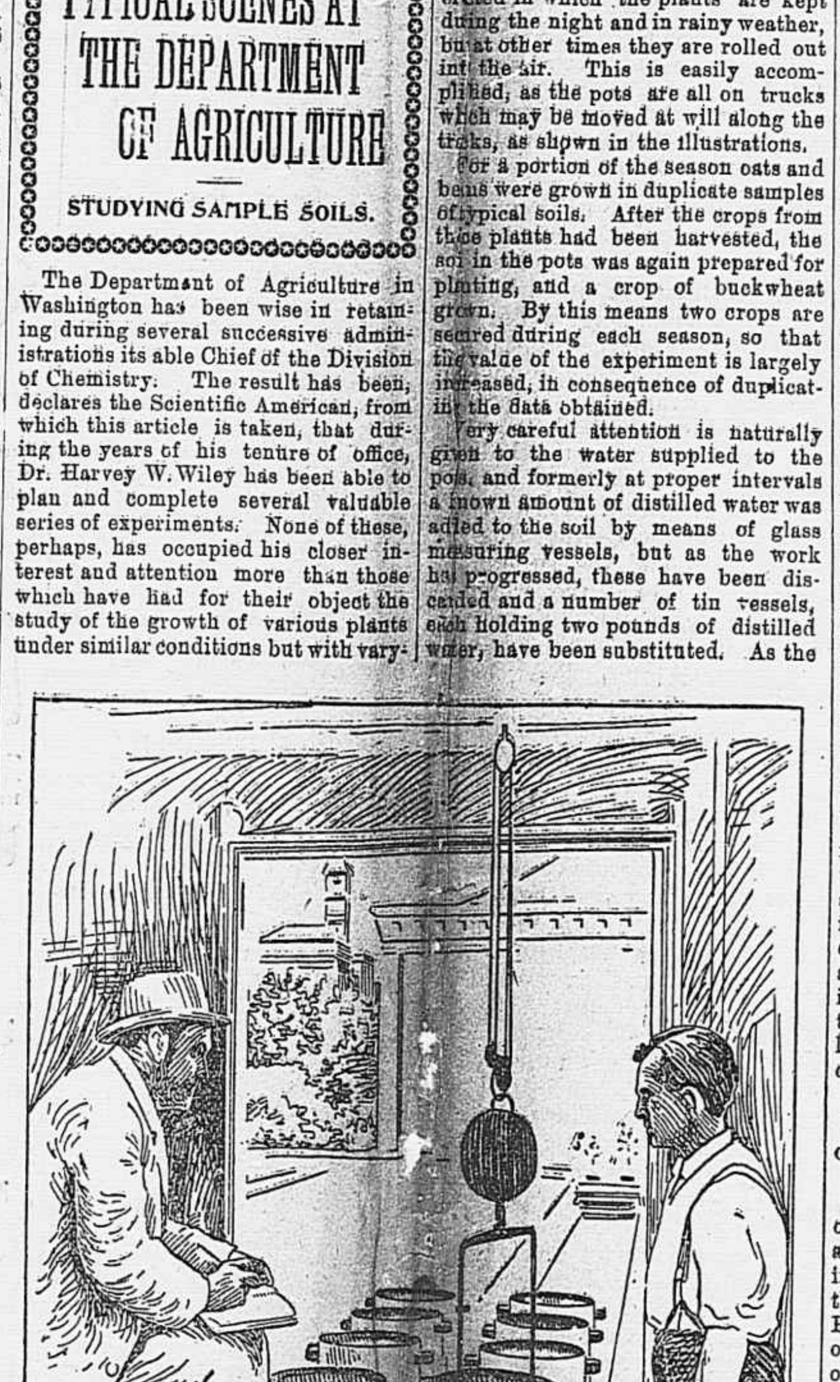
Some of the petrified wood found in Arizona it is said, is so hard that steel tools will not work it, the petrifications being only three degrees less in hardness than the diamond.

In the island of New Britain a man must not speak to his mother-in-law. Not only is speech forbidden to his relative, but she must be avoided; and if by chance the lady is met, the son-in-law must hide himself or cover his face.

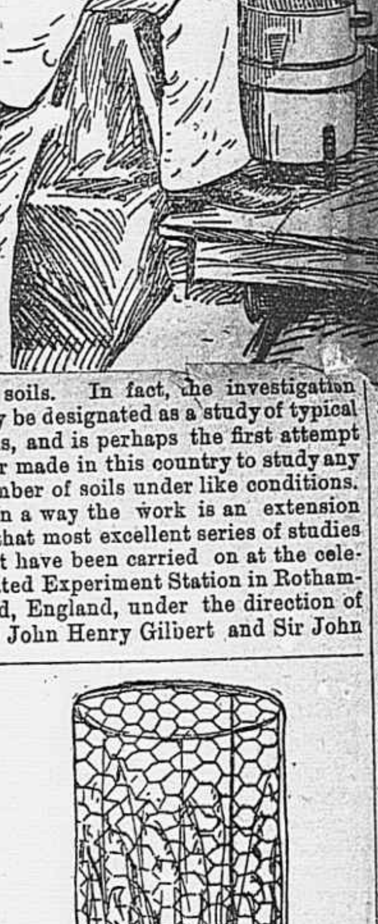
TYPICAL SCENES AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

STUDYING SAMPLE SOILS.

The Department of Agriculture in Washington has been wise in retaining during several successive administrations its able Chief of the Division of Chemistry. The result has been, declares the Scientific American, from which this article is taken, that during the years of his tenure of office, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley has been able to plan and complete several valuable series of experiments. None of these, perhaps, has occupied his closer interest and attention more than those which have had for their object the study of the growth of various plants under similar conditions but with varying soils. In fact, the investigation may be designated as a study of typical soils, and is perhaps the first attempt ever made in this country to study any number of soils under like conditions.

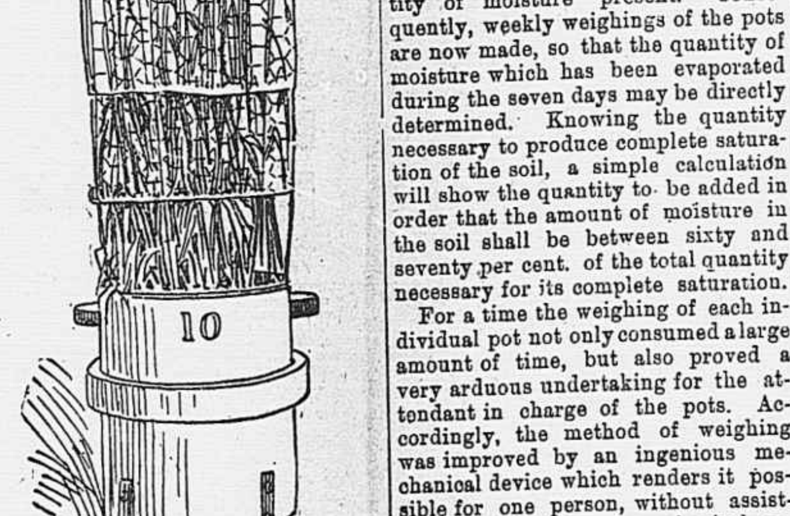


In a way the work is an extension of that most excellent series of studies that have been carried on at the celebrated Experiment Station in Rothamsted, England, under the direction of Sir John Henry Gilbert and Sir John Bennett Lawes, who for more than half a century have had charge of the scientific work in that place.



VEGETATION POT CONTAINING GROWING OATS.

Typical soils from between thirty and forty places scattered throughout the United States were procured through the agencies of the Department of Agriculture, and a direct comparison was instituted with samples of soils of known constituents obtained from Rothamsted.



THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE VEGETATION HOUSE AND CARS OF THE DIVISION OF CHEMISTRY FOR THE STUDY OF SOILS.

A plot of ground in the rear of the main building of the Agricultural Department at Washington was set aside for these experiments, which were begun in 1892, and a small green-house erected in which the plants are kept during the night and in rainy weather, but at other times they are rolled out into the air. This is easily accomplished, as the pots are all on trucks which may be moved at will along the tracks, as shown in the illustrations.

For a portion of the season oats and beans were grown in duplicate samples of typical soils. After the crops from these plants had been harvested, the soil in the pots was again prepared for planting, and a crop of buckwheat grown. By this means two crops are secured during each season, so that the value of the experiment is largely increased, in consequence of duplicating the data obtained.

Very careful attention is naturally given to the water supplied to the pots, and formerly at proper intervals a known amount of distilled water was added to the soil by means of glass measuring vessels, but as the work has progressed, these have been discarded and a number of tin vessels, each holding two pounds of distilled water, have been substituted. As the amount of water added to every pot must be known (so that the conditions may be identical), this improved method makes it possible to add one portion of water to each of the pots in the course of two hours. This is accomplished by inserting the tin funnels containing water in the funnel holder on the side of the pot, as shown in the illustration.

Next perhaps in importance to the addition of water to the soil is the determination of the amount of moisture contained in the pot at any given period. For a long time this factor was determined chiefly by an inspection of the surface, with an occasional weighing of the pot. This method, while capable of yielding excellent results when under the immediate supervision of an expert, was frequently interrupted, owing to the absence of Dr. Wiley, who was liable to be called elsewhere by other duties. Accordingly, it was deemed advantageous to have a more rigid control of the quantity of moisture present. Consequently, weekly weighings of the pots are now made, so that the quantity of moisture which has been evaporated during the seven days may be directly determined. Knowing the quantity necessary to produce complete saturation of the soil, a simple calculation will show the quantity to be added in order that the amount of moisture in the soil shall be between sixty and seventy per cent. of the total quantity necessary for its complete saturation.

For a time the weighing of each individual pot not only consumed a large amount of time, but also proved a very arduous undertaking for the attendant in charge of the pots. Accordingly, the method of weighing was improved by an ingenious mechanical device which renders it possible for one person, without assistance and without undue physical exertion in the way of lifting the pots, to weigh the entire lot of 176 in about four hours. This is shown in one of the accompanying illustrations, which is also of special interest as showing Dr. Wiley himself in the act of writing down the weights.

The single-column illustration shows the screen or hood that has been devised for the purpose of protecting the plants from the action of the wind and from the attacks of birds.

The laboratory work includes determinations of the total amount of dry matter produced in each pot, together with the amounts of nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and potash removed from the soil by each crop. The data from seven seasons is now at hand, and the preparation of a preliminary report is under way. It will contain statements in regard to the composition of the soils, their physical character, their water-holding capacity, their contents of humus, and the percentage of nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and potash contained therein, both as regards total content and in respect of the quantities removed by different solvents. This report will be illustrated, not only by analytical tables, but also graphically in such a way as to show in the most evident manner the relation which exists between the physical composition of the soil, its contents of moisture, and the quantity of dry organic matter produced.

This is but one of several investigations now being conducted under the direction of the Chief of the Chemical Division of the Department of Agriculture. The great value to the farmer is obvious, for as a result of this investigation a chemical analysis of a given soil will at once determine what plant foods may be deficient in it for the production of a given crop and at the same time it will show the farmer how to supply these deficiencies when practicable by the judicious application of fertilizers or by a suitable rotation of crops. Thus in the end it will demonstrate what crops grown on a given soil will yield the greatest amount of profit to the farmer.

The slow and even tedious work necessary for the satisfactory completion of investigations carried on in the scientific bureaus of our Government is not always appreciated by the general public, but when the results that are sure to ensue are so far-reaching in effects as those of the investigation which has just been so briefly outlined, then, indeed, does the wisdom of the work become clearly manifest.

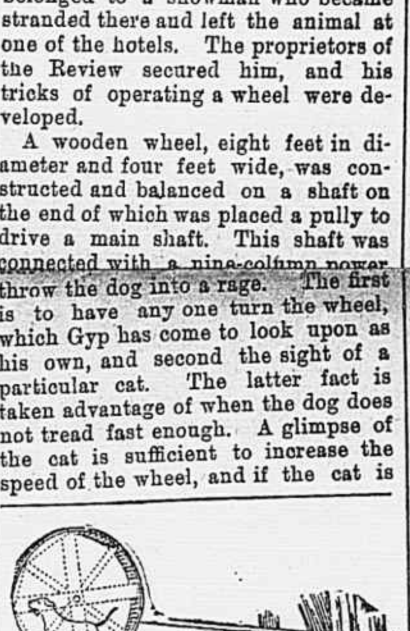
A TREADMILL DOG.

One That Runs a Printing Press in a Wisconsin Establishment.

A dog which runs a press is a curiosity in Plymouth, Wis., and is probably the only animal in the world doing this kind of service. "Gyp," as the dog is known, is owned by the Plymouth Review Company, and not only runs off the edition of the paper once a week, but is also employed to run a large job press.

The dog is an English mastiff, weighing 150 pounds, and formerly belonged to a showman who became stranded there and left the animal at one of the hotels. The proprietors of the Review secured him, and his tricks of operating a wheel were developed.

A wooden wheel, eight feet in diameter and four feet wide, was constructed and balanced on a shaft on the end of which was placed a pully to drive a main shaft. This shaft was connected with a nine-column power [illegible] throw the dog into a rage. The first is to have any one turn the wheel, which Gyp has come to look upon as his own, and second the sight of a particular cat. The latter fact is taken advantage of when the dog does not tread fast enough. A glimpse of the cat is sufficient to increase the speed of the wheel, and if the cat is



THIS DOG PRINTS A NEWSPAPER.

not taken away after a time the dog would work himself into such a passion that the press would be torn to pieces by the speed. Gyp has been doing the work for two years, never missing a day, and seems to enjoy the work, frequently getting into the wheel in the middle of the night and running half an hour or more just to "warm up," as it were. When commanded, the dog will start up or stop like a horse.

Went to Jail For a Dog.

Mark A. Diamond, who died at the Charity Hospital here recently, had become locally famous on account of his love for his dog.

Three times Diamond had been to jail to save the dog's life, and the dog survives his master. It was not a dog with a pedigree upon which Diamond lavished his affection, but a plain everyday cur with a bad temper. This bad temper caused all the trouble. The dog bit a child about a year ago and Diamond was arrested on the charge of keeping a vicious canine. Recorder Finnegan gave him the alternative of killing the brute or going to jail. Diamond went to jail. The same thing happened over again when Diamond had served out his first sentence.

The second term having expired, he was again with his dog, which celebrated his release by biting a young man ten days ago. Diamond's health was poor and the case against him was continued two or three times, the accused saying he would suffer imprisonment again rather than have his pet put to death. On his way from the Court House several days ago he fell unconscious in the street and was taken to the Charity Hospital, where death came this morning. The case has aroused much sympathy.—New Orleans Dispatch to Baltimore Sun.

Man's Ingratitude to His Horse.

Spokane, the horse that beat Proctor Knott in one of the finest Derbys that was ever run, winning his owner $30,000 and the fleeting but bright renown of the turf, has been brought back to the scene of his former triumphs and sold at auction for a paltry $170. Once a horse that kings would have been proud to own, now he stands the chance of becoming a miserable hack in a road-wagon. The ingratitude that men who own race-horses show to the animals which served them so well is an old story.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

BUTTER DOUBLES ITS WEIGHT.

Novel Method of Loading Discovered in California.

Some interesting experiments and analyses have been conducted by the chemists of the San Francisco health department with the result that a swindle in the adulteration of butter will be exposed in a formal report at the next meeting of the board of health. Chief Food Inspector Dockery seized samples at suspicious butter in a house on mission street, thinking that because it crumbled apart like cheese it was merely a combination of oils or oleomargarine. He was more than surprised, however, on being told by Professor Green, the chemist in charge, that the article submitted for analysis was butter and a good average sample of butter at that. There was but one peculiar characteristic in the butter—water oozed from it in large drops when the butter was spread upon bread, and when pressed with a knife upon a slab it decreased noticeably in bulk.

"How do you account for that?" Dockery asked, his question being prompted by the chemist's statement.

"By the use of a form of pepsin and alkalis and salt the butter is emulsified, or made to absorb its own weight of water. For instance, in making up the butter, one pound of good butter was taken and put into a vessel with one pound of milk. A little pepsin and salts of some kind were added. Then the different ingredients were churned together, and after a little while the milk had disappeared with the chemicals, and there were two pounds of butter. This compound will retain its increased weight for a considerable time, but when exposed to the atmosphere the outer edges dry and crumble like cheese. All that can be said of the samples is that they are 'doctored butter.' They give no signs of adulteration."

"I took this stuff from F. Rexinger in his room on Mission street," said Dockery.

"They were making it in a room in the lodging houses and selling the method. Rexinger showed me a handful of twenties, and said he got them from a fellow who had bought the secret that morning for $300."

"Rexinger came from Honolulu, and must have brought the scheme from the islands, for I never saw anything like this butter before in San Francisco. It tastes like any good butter, and one can be deceived till you see the water coming out of it from underneath a knife."

Signalling to Moving Trains.

For some months past there has been in successful operation on a section of twenty-five miles of one of the [illegible] lines an electrical [illegible] The arrangement being exceedingly s[illegible]l signals are re[illegible] of a contact bar fix[illegible] the engine, so [illegible] rocking shaft, and [illegible]mple. It consi[illegible] lever and wire with the ord[illegible]nalling apparatus, so that when the danger signal is set in the box, the contact bar is raised in position to strike a lever fixed on the locomotive. This makes a compelte electric current, sets an alarm ringing on the engine, and works an indicator.

An ingenious form of double volute spring holds the engine contact bar vertical, while allowing it to assume a horizontal position in either direction. After receiving the blow from the contact bar on the rail, it performs a few oscillations, and resumes its vertical position in readiness for the next contact. The contact bars, both on the engine and the rails, have two ends, one for danger and one for safety. The safety lever has its own independent electric circuit, and it moves an indicator on the engine.

The danger bell continues to ring until reset by a simple apparatus, which also acts as a bell tester. The safety bell rings for a couple of seconds, and shows the word "Safe" on the bell. The bell ceases to ring, in this case, as the lever ceases to oscillate, the word "Safe" disappears.—Evening Post.

Miner's Life in Sweden.

Consul General Winslow of Stockholm, Sweden, writes of iron mining and the lives of miners. At the principal mines the boring is carried on by hand, with steel rods, which are pounded on top with a steel-headed hammer. In these holes dynamite is placed and exploded. The amount of mixed ore and rock loosened by each kilogram (2.2 pounds) of dynamite u d averages twelve tons, each ton representing an average of 12.3 feet bored. The detached pieces are reduced by hammers to sizes that will admit of their being readily handled. The ordinary miner makes on an average $200 per annum. They generally live in villages near the mines and go home at the end of each week. The average working time is eleven and a half hours a day. Those who are married live in houses built for them alone, paying 40 cents for one or 80 cents for two rooms per month. The unmarried miners live in "barracks." These are one-storied buildings, usually containing two apartments, each having twenty-four bunks, ranged in two rows around the sides. The rules regulating behavior, cleanliness, etc., are very strict and rigidly enforced.

Mule Meat and Mangoes.

A Cuban sugar planter, now convalescing in New York city after the island campaign says: "I lived three months on mangoes. We had not a morsel of meat, but once in a while a few fishes were caught in the streams. These, however, were not very good eating. Mangoes are quite nutritious, but we all became very thin. There were no bananas to be had. It was not the season for guavas. After awhile we got some mule meat, which tastes like pork, except that it is sweet. A fat young mule or horse is fine eating. I would as soon have it as beef. Of course, the spavined, diseased old car horse is no better than a tough bull that has been starved."—New York Press.

Customs receipts of the United States treasury department now amount to one-half the ordinary expenditure of the government.

FIFTY OTHER YEARS.

I've wandered to the city, Tom, I've hunted up the spot
Where you and I drowned chipmunks out, in Highbee's meadow lot.
The lot is in the same place, Tom, and yet it doesn't grow
The rosin weed and grass we knew, just fifty years ago.

That same old patch of ground, Tom, where Kirkbride kept his cow.
Is in a business centre, and you wouldn't know it now.
Two sixteen-story houses, Tom, are standing there to show
How things have changed since we were kids, just fifty years ago.

A pair of worn-out breeches, Tom, would once have bought that lot.
I had the breeches—could have bought it just as well as not.
And good and hard I kicked myself because I didn't know
Enough to pound sand in a rat hole, fifty years ago.

—Chicago Record.

HUMOROUS.

A Kansas paper, referring to a fatal accident which befel a prominent citizen, says he "met death at the hands of a horse."

"I don't believe in being affable to inferiors." "You don't? Just think how lonely you would be if everybody felt that way."

"Bobby, won't you give a penny to help build Lafayette a monument?" "No'm, not unless we git his birthday fer a hollerday."

Miss Totling—Miss Sincoe was born with a silver spoon in her mouth. Miss Dimling (after a glance at the mouth)—Tablespoon?

Priscilla—What are young Winthrop and his wife quarrelling about so bitterly? Priscella—Oh, about which of them loves the other most.

At Sunday school a little girl was asked, "Why should you not hide your light under a bushel?" The reply came pat, "For fear of setting fire to it."

Crawford—How is it that those defalcations are always by trusted clerks? Crabshaw—Because the ones that are not trusted never get a chance at the money.

Kaiser Wilhelm (watching a sword-swallower)—Faugh! I couldn't do that. Court Flunkey—Ach! Yes. Your Majesty already has done everything except that.

Mistress (angrily)—See, Bridget, I can write my name in the dust on this mantelpiece. Bridget (admiringly)—There's nothin' like eddication, after all, is there, mum?

Parker—One place is just as good as another for a man without money. Tucker—Yes, and it's fortunate, too, for a man without money can't stay in the same place long.

"Why, Frankie," said his mother, "what are you rea[illegible] about bringing u[illegible] to know that her just looking to s was $87.50."

Mrs. Newlywed (with evident surprise)—Aren't you the very man I gave some cake to two days ago? Plodding Pete (in explanation)—Yes'm. Y'see, I didn't eat it.

Maud—My mamma says she can remember when your mamma kept a grocery store. Marie—My mamma says she can remember how much your mamma owes for her groceries.

Professor—Too bad! One of my pupils, to whom I have given two courses of instruction in the cultivation of the memory, has forgotten to pay me, and the worst of it is I can't remember his name.

"And, remember, Bridget, there are two things I must insist upon: truthfulness and obedience." "Yes, mum; and when you tell me to tell the ladies you're out, when you're in, which shall it be, mum."

Mrs. Upjohn—Our minister is a highly learned man. I believe he knows every word in the dictionary. Mrs. Downleigh — That's nothing. Our preacher uses lots of words that ain't in the dictionary at all.

Bride's Father (to his prospective son-in-law, a young lawyer)—I'm not going to give my daughter a cash dowry, but I have some doubtful claims for $10,000 that I will make over to you, and you can sue on them.

Little William was standing at the window watching the approaching storm. Great black clouds overspread the sky, when suddenly a bright flash of lightning parted them for an instant. "Oh, mamma," he said, "I saw that funder wink."

A Marriage Test.

Both in the northern and western islands of Scotland the natives have some peculiar customs unfamiliar to the dwellers on the mainland. One of these, known as the "marriage test," is practiced in the Island of St. Kilda, where the population barely exceeds 100. Every man, before he is deemed suitable for a husband, has to perform an evolution attended with no little bodily risk. The St. Kildans are, of course, adept rock-climbers, and the aspirant for matrimony is therefore subjected to the test of balancing himself on one leg on a narrow ledge overhanging a precipice, bending his body at the same time in order to hold the foot of his other leg in his hands. If found lacking in courage the maiden withdraws from her betrothal, and should the man fall over the ledge it is presumed that in that case he will be disqualified.

Entirely Too Personal.

During a Scottish tour which the Poet Wadsworth took with his sister he was greatly struck by Kilchurn Castle, and addressed a solemn poem on it. These verses happened to fall under the eye of a boy who had been asked by ladies to read something aloud. As innocent of its character as they, he began, in a tone intended to be impressively solemn, "Skeleton of unfleshed humanity!" But the effect of the phrase was more immediate and more startling than anyone could have imagined. For one of the two listeners (and she was certainly very thin) leaped to her feet and exclaimed, indignantly: "Well, I am the thinnest woman in Ireland, but I can not approve of personal remarks!"—Pittsburg Dispatch.